

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## Notes of the Month.

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms:—1, Your wife; 2, your stomach; 3, your conscience.

PEACE does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest path, if our will remains firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.

AT the close of a long and wearisome speech, made at one of our meetings, the speaker himself felt, after he had sat down, that he had spoiled the meeting. He said to a friend, he was so sad at the result of his folly, he felt he could go out and hang himself. "Pray," said his friend, "put that act off to some future time; it can be done at any time as well as now."

THE rector of Hartlebury, just dead, possessed, for half a century, one of the most valuable livings in the kingdom, and died a poor man. Hartlebury was worth £2000 a year, and the late Rev. Thomas Baker held it for fifty years—total, £100,000. Yet he lived a poor man, and died a poor man, because of a noble deed he did when young. He had a financial millstone round his neck all his lifetime, simply because he did his duty. He married a daughter of Dr. Carr, Bishop of Worcester. The bishop was one of George the Fourth's bosom friends, and advanced his Majesty a large sum, or became security for him in some way. At any rate, when the bishop died the sheriff's officers seized the body, as they did Sheridan's, in satisfaction of the claim. Mr. Baker did not hesitate to accept the liability of his dead father-in-law, and by this filial act the body of Dr. Carr was recovered from the hands of the minions of the law. But Mr. Baker was crippled for life by the enormous liabilities he voluntarily incurred. They whisper in the Midlands that it was £100,000—as much as he earned in his fifty years' rectorship.

"THE proper punishment," says Lardner, "of a low, mean, indecent, scurrilous way of writing, seems to be neglect, contempt, scorn, and final indignation."

WE have just read of a brave, good girl who was sent by her aged mother to make an investment of a large sum of money. The money was all lost in worthless railway bonds. As soon as the daughter received the news she determined, by her own exertions, to replace her mother's money, and never let the dear old lady know that it had been lost. She did this with her pen, working early and late, denying herself, scouring city and country for information. And she accomplished the task.

THE benevolence of the Author of our lives may be known in the experience we all partake of, that of being happy in the proportion we try to make others happy. Jane Porter has well said that "Happiness is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray; nay, when it strikes on a kindred heart, like the converged light on a mirror, it reflects itself with redoubled brightness. Happiness is not perfected until it is shared."

THE *Lancet* says the evil of drinking is on the increase. We have read of the astonishing results of some chemical compounds, but there is none so astonishing as that of ALCOHOL. It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach will remove the boards from the fence, let the cattle into his crops, kill his fruit trees, mortgage his farm, and sow his fields with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his building, break the glass out of the windows and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and the polish from his manners, subdue his reason, arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family, and topple him into a drunkard's grave. And it is equally mischievous to the life and substance of any indoor worker as to the open air toiler.

WE may judge of a man's character by what he loves—pleases him. If a person manifests delight in low and sordid objects—the vulgar song and debasing language, in the misfortune of his fellows, or cruelty to animals, we may at once determine the complexion of his character. On the contrary, if he love purity, modesty, truth—if virtuous pursuits engage his heart and draw out his affections, we are satisfied that he is an upright man.

By request we publish the following for the benefit of those who have frequent bilious attacks:—On rising, sponge the body lightly and quickly with cold water, briskly toweling after. It is not necessary that this be a long or laborious operation; the more rapidly the better, with sufficient friction to bring a glow to the skin. If you cannot secure time to go over the whole bodily surface, at least make it a point to daily sponge the trunk and arms. Rousing and stimulating the whole system, clearing and opening the pores, it imparts an indescribable freshness and exhilaration, amply repaying the effort. Re-habilitated, you are now ready for your morning bitters, namely, the clear juice of a fresh lemon in a wineglass full of water, without sugar. This is a bomb straight at the enemy, for a more potent solvent of bile is not in the *materia medica*. Searching out rheumatic tendency, attacking those insidious foes which are storing up anguish against our later days (*calculi*) it pervades the system like a fine moral sense, rectifying incipient error. It is needful, perhaps, to begin with two lemons daily, the second at night just before retiring.

ANY teaching which makes the love of God little more than a pleasant theory, and His anger the one awful fact which humanity has everywhere to confront; which shuts out from the heavenly home ninety-nine one-hundredths of all the human race living or who have ever lived; which is so offensive to all sense of justice that no sane person can pray that it may be true; any such theory urged as you have urged it, while it does good to some, you may be certain works serious harm to others, causing not a few to say, "If that is the Gospel of Christ I wish nothing to do with it, for it is not true." Of that kind of theology many already have more than they can bear. In themselves, and through others, they have felt the evil influence of it. God to them is now no longer a tyrant; no longer an inexorable judge; but a loving, tender, sympathising Father. Religion is to them a daily food; medicine no more. They love it as they love the light of the sun, and they rejoice in it as the greatest human good.

**POLITENESS.**—A new definition of politeness: Politeness is like an air-cushion; there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts of the world wonderfully.

At the close of a brief discussion with a very intolerant Trinitarian, who urged us to pray for more light, we intimated he might pray for more charity. We understood from him he would do no such thing, reminding us of a five-year-old tot, who had always closed her prayers at night with "And God help Katy to be a good girl," opening her eyes on that point one night in green apple time, and saying, very decidedly, "I aint a-going to say the rest, for I don't want to be a good girl; I want to eat green apples."

ONE of our preachers says truly—We need not preach the courage to die—that is common enough—but the courage to live, to be honest in spite of poverty and neglect; to be true, though all is dark, except where God shines in; to be faithful, though heavens fall and hearts break, and friendships turn to gall. Yes, we must teach men to dare to be unpopular, to be misapprehended, to be ahead of the times, to follow the voice of God, though it lead into the wilderness, to tell the devil to his face that he lies, and also to give him his due—an act which requires the supremest courage at times.

THE father of a well brought-up family of boys tells us that he made a point of often reading to his boys, out of the newspapers, anything that might arrest their attention, and enforce his words of instruction. We thought of this the other day when we read of the fatal result of a quarrel of two boys in a boat on one of our rivers. In a vexed mood they both jumped up and grasped each other, and, in a moment, they were over into the river and never seen again alive. Such a paragraph is more than a sermon on the control of passion, so fatal at times to young and old.

If it is wrong for a man to let the sun go down upon his wrath, can it be right for his Maker to keep the fire of his anger fiercely glowing for ever? We know with what unpleasant, uncomfortable feelings anger and hatred fill our human hearts, and cannot therefore think it possible that the Supreme Being will sacrifice His peace for ever by indulging these unlovely passions toward the puny sons of men. He would much rather mend the world than spend eternity in hating it, and men ought therefore to love and trust Him and help Him in this work, instead of raising doubts respecting His desire or power to save, or representing Him as ill-disposed toward the frailest of His creatures.

MORAL BLUNDERS.—The old Greek proverb was that the avenging deities are shod with wool ; but the wool grows on the eyelids that refuse the light. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad ;" but the insanity arises from judicial blindness.

THE WIDE-AWAKE PREACHER.—The other Sunday, one who had resolved he would take people by guile said, in expounding, "All the world went out to be taxed," &c.; "This is a figure of speech, called by the learned an hyperbole, a sort of exaggerated statement ;" and added, by way of application, "If I said you were all asleep, it would be an hyperbole, for not more than half of you are in that condition."

Poor Rich Men.—The *Congregationalist* says: "Many a man in the wild country of Buenos Ayres in South America, who is very rich in cattle, has not a bed in his house, and is too indifferent or too lazy to shear the wool from his sheep to spread on the ground beneath him. He may own a thousand oxen and horses, and five thousand sheep, but he has nothing in his house such, as we think, we must have in order to be comfortable. The skull of an ox furnishes a seat which he thinks is good enough, and a horn is his cup. This is all of his household furniture. There are many rich men in the world who are poorer than even these South American herdsmen ; men who take and hoard up God's gifts, and refuse to enjoy them themselves, or to share them with the needy."

FOSTER says, in a letter to Dr. Ryland, "I should be very reluctant to appear conspicuously in the class of what have been denominated 'damnation writers.' With the exception of Baxter and a few more, I am afraid that those who have expatiated most on infernal subjects, have felt them the least. A predilection for such subjects, and a calm, deliberate, minute exhibition of them, always strikes me as a kind of Christian cruelty, the spirit of an *auto de fé*. I sincerely doubt the utility of a laborious, expanded display of the horrors of hell, as far as I have had the means of observing the usual effect. I have found it far the greatest where one would anxiously wish it might not exist at all—in the minds of the timid, scrupulous, and melancholic. The utmost space I would allot in my writings to this part of the revelations of our religion, should not, at any rate, exceed the proportion which, in the New Testament, this part of truth bears to the whole of the sacred books, the grand predominant spirit of which is love and mercy." We would add that if the doctrine is thought to be true there should be no end of uttering the sad truth.

INWARD BETTER THAN OUTWARD DEVO-  
TION.—The efficacy of inward devotion, as contrasted with external offerings, is recommended with powerful simplicity in a specimen of early English poetry, as old as the time of James the First, preserved in the "Travels of Certain Englishmen into Farre Countries," printed in 1609. It is the end of a Latin inscription in the church at Cologne, on the offerings of the three kings, thus translated into English metre :—

For gold, present a perfect heart;  
For myrrh, admit him tears;  
For frankincense, pour from thy breast  
A fume of humble prayers.

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.—With the solution of some difficult problem, by both divines and philosophers, we are at times about as much enlightened as grandma was. "Grandma, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far ?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old, of the venerable lady who sat on the garden seat knitting. "No, my dear ; why is it ?" "Because there is nothing in the way," replied the young philosopher, resuming his astronomical search, and grandma her knitting.

#### DENIED LIVES.

THERE'S beauty and fragrance in the life  
that is denied,  
The life of those who always have to stand  
aside,  
If only it is borne with a true and humble  
heart,  
Content to have in happiness but a lesser  
part.

I know not why it is that more sweetness  
oft is found  
In them than among others whose varied  
joys abound ;  
Is it that they have gained a treasure past  
all pelf ?  
That greatest of all victories—the losing  
of oneself.

They make the most of little joys ; and for  
what of pain  
Mingles in their destiny, they count it but  
as gain,  
If thus rendered worthier of Him whom  
they profess,  
When most sorely bruised, they do but  
give forth blessedness.

Like some fair and scented flower dropped  
in the crowded street,  
And crushed beneath the tread of the busy  
passing feet ;  
If lifted up and laid down upon the win-  
dow sill,  
A sweetness and a fragrance will linger  
round it still. M. R.

## A SACRED SPOT

## OUR BAIRNIE'S GRAVE.

WHILE we are discussing the question of burial in churchyards, we have a touching tale from Kelso which proves what best renders sacred the soil where the dead are laid. But to our tale :—

“Step gently, sir, step gently.”

I stepped hastily back. I feared I had been treading on some of the old man's flowers.

He leaned on his spade, and made no motion for some minutes. At length he raised his head, and in a husky voice began—

“Ay, sir, I mind the time as well as 'twere yesterday, and it's forty years sine when oor wee, wee bairnie died. It was his fourth birthday, and he stopped up tae wait till I came hame wi' a bit present for him. I sat doon be' the fire tae wait for my supper (my wife was ben the hoose bakin'), when I heard the patterin' o' his little feet, and I looked up an' held oot my airms for him. He didna come rinnin' tae them sae quick as usual, an' when I had him on my knees, says I, ‘An' fa'll ye be, ye wee bit nickum?’”

“I'm fayther's wee, wee bairnie.”

“An' wi' that he nestled closer to me. He didna seem cheery, sae I ca'd the doggie tae 'im, an' the doggie cam' lazy-like frae his corner stretchin' his legs. The bairnie put doon his little han' an' strokit the dog's head. But he didna get up an' play wi't and seemed tired-like.”

“‘Janet,’ ca'd I ben the hoose, ‘what ails the bairnie?’

“‘Ails him,’ said she, ‘Awa wi' ye, naethin' ails him.’

“‘But he's tired like.’

“‘Hoot,’ says she, nae wunner, sittin' up till this time o' night.’

“‘Ah! but it's nae that; it's mair than tired he is. Janet, he's nae weel.’

Janet took up the child in her arms.

“‘Aweel,’ said she, ‘an' he's no weel. I'll pit him tae bed when I'll hae done wi' the bakin'; an' wi' that she set him doon i' the floor. Forty years it is syne; but I can see the laddie standin' there yet, wi' his head hangin' owre his clean frock, and his wee bit leggies bare tae the knees.

“‘Pit him tae bed the noo, Janet, Dinna min' the cakes.’

“‘She took him up in her airms and as she did sae, his wee facie became as pale as death, an' his little body shook a' ower. I niver waited a meenit, but awa' I ran oot at the door for the doctor as hard as I could rin, two miles across the fields, wi' my heart beatin' hard at every step. The doctor wasna in. Wi' a sair heart I turned back. I stopped runnin' when I got till oor gate, and walked quietly in. ‘The doctor's nae in.’ ‘Waur luck,’ said I, as I crossed the door. Nae a word. I turned roun' intae the kitchen, an' there was sich a sicht I could niver forget. In the corner was my wife lying on the grun', an' beside her the wee bit bairn—nae a soun' frae either o' them. I touchit my wife i' th' shouther, an' she lookit up, an' then rose up wi'out a word, and stood beside me, lookin' at the form o' the little laddie. Suddenly he gied a start, an' held oot his airms tae me—‘Am I no yer ain wee, wee bairnie, fayther?’ ‘Ay, ay,’ said I, I could hardly speak, an' I knelt doon beside him, an' took his little hand. My wife knelt doon on th' other side o' him an' took his other hand. ‘Yer wee, wee bairnie,’ he muttered, as if tae himsel’—for he had gied himsel’ the name—an' then he had laid his head back, an' we could see he was gone. The doggie cam' an' lookit in his face, an' lickit his han' an' then wi a low whine went an' lay down at his feet. Niver a tear did we weep; but we sat baith o' us lookin' intae the sweet wee facie till th' mornin' broke in on us. The neebors cam' i' the mornin', an' I rose up an' spoke tae them; but my wife she never stirred, nor gied a sound till aye o' them spoke o' when he wad be carried tae the auld kirkyard. ‘Kirkyard!’ said she, ‘kirkyard! Nae kirkyard for me. My bairnie shall sleep whaur he played—in oor gairden. Nae a step farer.’ ‘But it'll niver be allowed.’ ‘Allowed!’ cried she. ‘The bairnie shanna stir past the end o' the garden.’ An' she had her way. Naebody interfered; an' there he lies just whaur ye were gaun to pit yer fit, an' there he'll lie tae the resurrection mornin.’ An' ilka evenin' my wife

comes an' sits here wi' her knittin', an' we never tire o' speakin' o' him that lies beneath."

And the old man bent down and passed his hand over the loose mould as if he were smoothing the pillow of his wee, wee bairnie.

### BE KIND TO YOUR AGED MOTHERS.

BY H. W. G.

HAVE you ever thought, dear children, what a blessed privilege it is to do for your mothers in their old age? If the thought has not occurred to you before, let it now be welcomed; and do not let your interest cool as you grow stronger in years of manhood or womanhood.

I can scarcely imagine any privilege that brings with it more glorious satisfaction or happier results than that of caring lovingly for one's mother. But while I would enlist your sympathies in behalf of the aged, because it is this class who most stand in need of and depend upon the young for those necessary comforts which make glad the heart, which are at best but small remunerations for the hardships they have endured, I would have you be mindful of your mothers at all times.

A mother's love never fails; why, then, should that of the son or daughter? When you remember what one only, of all the women in the world, has been to us, and done and suffered for our good, how can you refuse gratifying her every wish? I know that there are those who say, "Mother is growing old and childish, and old people are peevish and perplexing." Do not forget that you are navigating a ship upon the river of life, with no less speed than the one which she is in, and you too will soon be approaching the harbour, and may stand in need of assistance to make fast your moorings. Remember that, however old she has grown, she is no less your *self-sacrificing mother*. Do you for a moment suppose that she regarded you with any less devotion because a period of your lives has been marked with a fretful, trying childishness, that severely tried her heart? No. To her, amid

all trials, you have always been as *her own flesh and blood*. Have you no words and no deeds of kindness to offer in return? It would seem as if there were those who had been entirely divested of human feelings, by the instances which we are daily called to witness, of the ingratitude of children to their mothers. On the one hand, a son defrauds his aged, powerless mother of the roof that shelters her, though it was purchased by the sweat of nearly three-score of years; and on the other is denied her the aid and support she needs, unless she conforms to exactions which fill her few remaining years with discontent and sorrow. Surely you could be no less compassionate to any creature. Dear children, cannot you see already what is in store for such a class? It is not necessary that you wait for the harvest time to know what the fruit will be, "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Remembering this, let me entreat you—*Be kind to your aged mothers.*

There is a benediction in the very name, and it should be treasured, cherished, and revered as one of God's most sacred gifts. Write firmly in your mouths upon the tablets of memory, and let it there remain while the measures of time roll over your heads.

The writer has been denied the privilege of sharing a mother's love almost all his life, but enough of the sweets of a mother's loving care mingle with the early recollection of her for him to mourn her loss as long as life shall last; and may that be the experience of everyone who will peruse these lines.

### THE CHRIST PRESENCE.

Not only in the Christmas-tide

The holy baby lay;  
But month by month his home he blessed,  
And brightened every day,

He made the winter soft as spring,  
The summer brave and clear;  
For Christ, who lived for all the world,  
Was part of all the year.

—*St. Nicholas for May.*

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

## FRAGMENT I.

A SHREWD old farmer left his lands to his eldest son, on this condition ; that the young man should every day of his life say his prayers, a little before sun-rising, at a certain bush, that grew on the top of a high hill near his house ; and, in case he should once fail of so doing, he willed his farm to a younger son.

This injunction could, in itself, neither gratify the old man, nor serve his son. But then, you must understand, the farmer knew his eldest son to be a little indolent in his temper, a lover of sleep, and fond of his bed in the morning : he knew, also, that from the bush, on the top of the hill, he could have a prospect of his whole concern ; and could from thence examine, whether all things were as they should be ; whether his cattle were grazing in their proper pastures, or had broken into his corn ; whether his fences were in good order, and his servants and labourers were preparing for the business of the day. This apostrophe may serve to show that actions, indifferent in themselves, can be applied to good purpose in reminding us of others productive of our real good. It is plain from experience, that mankind must have outward rites, of some sort or other, to fix their attention, and give, as it were, a visible body to religion.

## FRAGMENT II.

There is a short method, by which the illiterate may be safely determined whether the Christian religion ought to be adhered to or not. The ignorant man can easily proceed thus with himself : "Can I be happy in myself, or do my duty to the community, without living an innocent and virtuous life ? Will my natural ignorance and corruption suffer me to lead such a life, without the instructions and sanctions of revealed religion ? Of all the religions in the world, that profess to come from God, is there any, that so fully comes up to all my wants, that carries with it such an appearance of truth and power, as the Christian ?"

## FRAGMENT III.

A religion, that really comes from

God, can never be supposed to enjoin the belief of absurdities, impossibilities, or contradictions. If we know any thing of God, we must know, that nothing but truth and reason can proceed from a being infinitely wise ; and that he is too good to put the salvation of his creatures on a faith in such doctrines as shock that reason which he hath implanted in the minds of all men, to be their adviser, in respect to every thing that is proposed to their understandings. Were a proposition never so true, or consistent with itself, if however, it were such as must appear absurd or contradictory to the reason of all men, God would never require the belief of it from any person, much less from all the world. But that which is highly derogatory to God, and utterly impossible in itself, it is downright blasphemy to say God could ever affirm it, or ever require the belief of it. To reveal, is the same thing as to explain, or discover ; but to reveal a mystery, so as to leave it still a mystery, is a flat contradiction in terms ; it is an explication that wraps up what it pretends to unfold, a discovery that conceals. Besides, if the mysterious points supposed to be revealed are purely speculative, and of no effect towards moral practice, such a revelation could be made to no other end but to try how far mankind could carry their faith, and to set him upon the highest footing of merit who could most divest himself of reason. To suppose God capable of proceeding thus with his rational creatures, is to make him contradict himself ; for, if he tells us one thing by the voice of reason, and the very reverse by that of revelation, if he gives us a natural rule and measure for truth, and then places our duty to himself in firmly believing that which is directly contrary to that rule, does he not deal very hardly by us ? Surely God can never set up opposite standards of truth in the same mind, nor turn belief directly in the teeth of knowledge. He who thinks him capable of this, and would propagate such an idea of him, does him but little honour.

## FRAGMENT IV.

A religion that tends to divide and embroil the world, to whet and embitter

the minds of men against one another, is as little likely to do good, as to come from God. Man cannot live out of society; and such principles as make it almost impossible for him to live in it, must be of the most unhappy nature and tendency. If we believe the orthodox writers, their principles are of the last importance; and if we consult experience, we shall find they are so imperfectly or obscurely revealed, as to leave the world to numberless diversities of opinion about them. Now their obscurity makes divisions unavoidable, and their supposed importance inflames those divisions to a degree of animosity fatal to the repose and safety of society. In other quarrels we contend about honour, power, riches, and such-like worldly trifles; but, in religious broils, the very souls of men are engaged, God and Heaven are fought for, and the heart of man is raised to the utmost height of fury and rage. Hence debates, that could not be settled by the tongue or pen, come to be disputed with the sword. Fire and fagot are brought in to eke out the arguments on both sides. Those who fall in the quarrel, are canonised for martyrs by the one party, and damned for heretics by the other. Civil society is sorely shaken, if not totally ruined; and mankind become savages and wild beasts to one another: and for what? Why, for God's sake. I need not be particular, in pointing out the unhappy times and transactions I hint at. What I have said, is only a short abridgment of Church history.

## FRAGMENT V

The Ombi, a people of Egypt, were zealous worshippers of the crocodile; the Tentyritæ abhorred that amphibious god, and had a trick of catching and riding him about, till they made him disgorge the carcases he had swallowed: those two nations entertained a most infernal hatred for each other, on account of this religious difference. They were not satisfied with putting one another to death in the cruellest manner; they even ate the flesh of their enemies raw, and he that came too late for the feast, licked up the blood of the slain that had been spilled on the ground. This

horrible instance of barbarity happened about Juvenal's time, and you may see the description of it at large, in the fifteenth satire of that poet. Diodorus Siculus tells us, in his second book, that the ancient Kings of Egypt, finding the people inclinable to conspiracies and commotions, assigned each city its particular animals for gods; to the intent that each community, hating the rest for their diversity of worship, might be the less inclined to confederate with them against their kings: and this, says the historian, took effect; for the inhabitants, in one quarter of the country, were perpetually upbraiding those of another with the impiety of their worship: in after times they added a great number of vegetable, to their animal deities. Had you lived in that country, and in those times, you had certainly been a zealous worshipper of a dog, a cat, a clove of garlic, or an onion, and, very probably, a furious persecutor of the rest. You might, possibly, have suffered the dog and cat to snarl and scratch, for their respective divinities; but had you been an *Onionist*, you would not have left so helpless a god to the teeth of hungry and persecuting boors. There is no need of multiplying instances to prove, either that man, left to himself, is so destitute of religious light, as to admit of the most foolish forms of religion; or capable of persecuting those who differ from him about religion, with the most horrid cruelty.

## FRAGMENT VI.

When Hooker's book of Ecclesiastical Polity was shown to the Pope, and he was told how poorly the author was provided for; *I am not afraid of that Church*, said he, *which neglects such men as Hooker.*

## THE SOUL.

THE soul on earth is an immortal guest  
Compelled to starve at an unreal feast;  
A spark which upward tends by nature's  
force;  
A stream diverted from its parent source;  
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea;  
A moment parted from eternity;  
A pilgrim panting for the rest to come;  
An exile anxious for his native home.

## THE FIRST DEATH.

THE first death! The first break in the family! Most of us keenly recollect how great was the shock when death first came into our households. In youth death seems to us so far off and distant we think little on the subject, and although we see him hovering round others, and hear older people speak of the uncertainty of life, of the numbers they have known who are already gone, of the quick passing of time, yet we never realise that he may touch us or ours till he is in our midst and carries one away!

No wonder, then, that such an experience should be the turning-point in many a life—should induce a complete change of thought and feeling. To realise trouble is difficult to young minds; it is forgotten at times of interest and excitement, and returns again with all the acuteness of the first moments of suffering. I suppose most of us remember the sickening sensation of waking in the morning to our sorrow after a night of forgetfulness; but when it is realised, what a revolution is created in our thoughts of life! It gives us an altogether different outlook. We begin to perceive and to take to ourselves the uncertainty and changes of our existence; we cease to regard it as firm and secure within our grasp, and instead perceive that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

And herein the Father's love and goodness is clearly seen. How much our sorrow teaches us! In how many families bickering and sharp speaking cease after a bereavement; the common sorrow draws those who suffer closer to one another, and the thought that we may not be long together; the bitter pain with which little unkindnesses and harsh words to the one who is gone are remembered, warn us and soften our hearts, and bring about the gentleness and tenderness which are born of sorrow.

And if our freedom from trouble has led us to depend too much on present pleasures and enjoyments, we are in this way led back to God. We turn to Him in our suffering, and, feeling our own helplessness, cling to His hand;

in our trial we realise His near Presence as at no other time, as if the power of perceiving the Invisible were increased and a greater faith given us just when we so greatly need it. And so with the other world. It is no longer a dim and distant possibility of the future; our love for the departed is a link to draw us towards it, making it a reality to us, and leading us to look trustfully forward to it as the aim of our being, and to feel that the years hastening on are as waves bearing us to the world where we shall meet again, and the pain of parting will be no more.

So the first death is indeed the first opening of the gate of life. M. R.

## YOU CANNOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN.

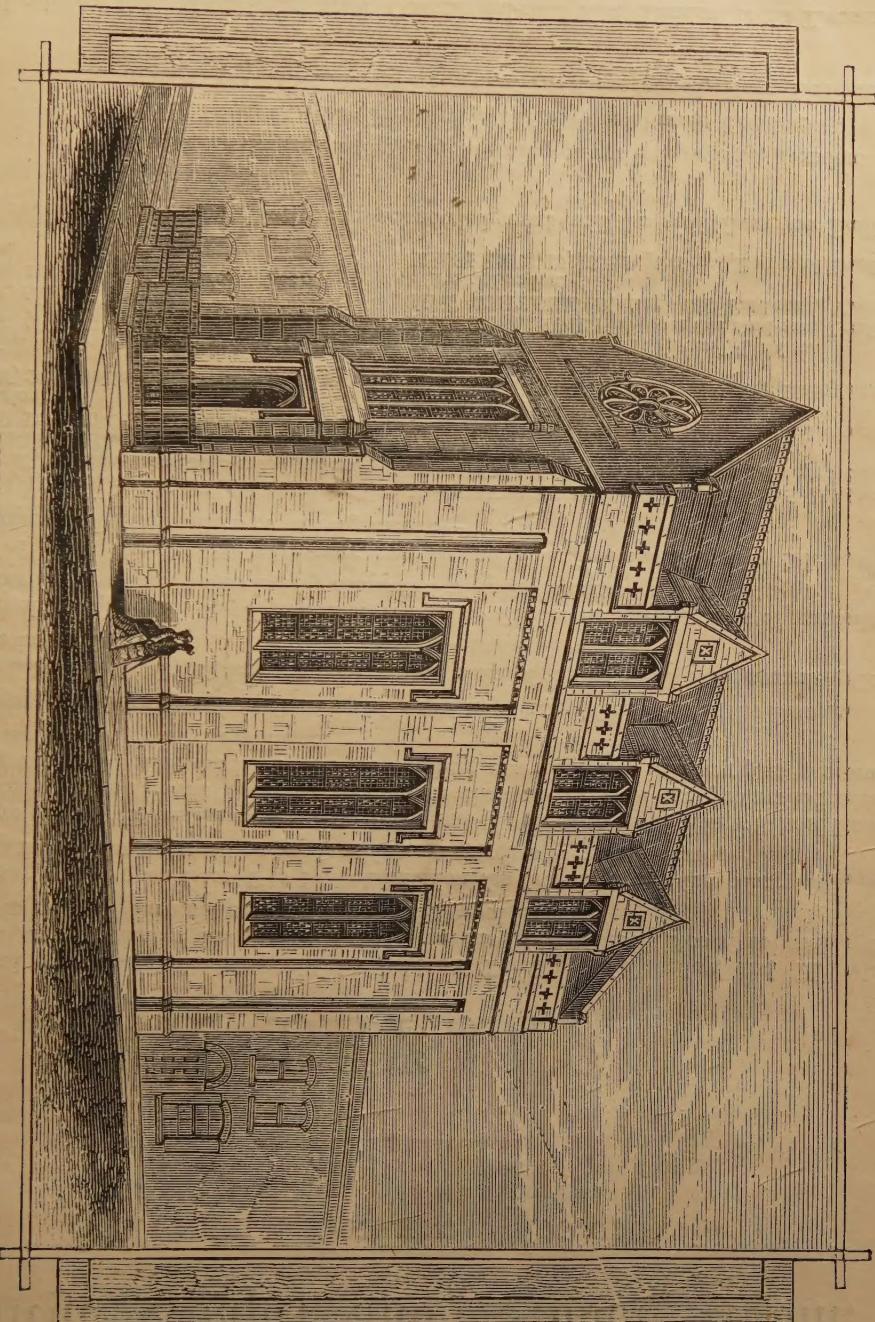
BREAKFAST was not quite ready and while waiting, Mary took up a paper for a minute, and her eye fell on these words, "A good Quaker was wont to say, 'I expect to pass this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, to my fellow-beings, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.'"

Mary read the paragraph twice over, and it made a deep impression on her heart. She took her seat at the table thoughtfully, and she wondered, as she glanced up at the already wearied face of her mother, whether she had not let many golden opportunities slip never to return. She could not go that way again. But here was a long, bright holiday she had proposed to spend in self-amusement. Indeed, she had kept herself awake an hour or more planning the day's enjoyment, intending to fill it as full as she could.

Now these words, "I shall not pass this way again," haunted her mind, and awakened quite a new train of thought. What if that mother's cheek should grow paler and paler, her cough deeper, and her thin hands be finally folded away forever on her silent heart. The thought was terrible. O what bitterness of regret she would feel that she had lightened her burdens so little! For this day, at least, she would do what she could.

"Mother," she said when breakfast

COLLEGE CHAPEL AND SCHOOL ROOM.



the tenets *nolens volens* upon any nation | shade down all noxious weeds.

## A SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

A LADY asked me to take her class, as she could not be at school that afternoon, so I went, and had three little girls and four little boys, aged from 10 to 13. I wished to give them a Greek lesson, but did not know whether they would wish to learn. One of the other teachers brought us out the pile of Testaments that was used in this, the top class. I asked if they knew what the Testament was about. One answered "God." Another answered "Jesus." I asked if they knew where Jesus lived, they answered "In Bethlehem." "When he was a baby." "When he was about 12 years old." "When he was 30." "Now," said I, "how long ago was he born?" "About 30 years." "No, I was born more than 30 years ago. You don't think he was born since I was." That showed them that date was wrong, so they tried others—"100 years." "1000 years." "2000 years." I asked, "What year is this called?" They all knew this, "1877." "Yes, and why is it called so?" None of them knew that. "Because Jesus was born 1877 years ago." They *did* prick up at that, and conned it over, and seemed to store it away in their minds. "And now, do you know what the Testament looked like when it was first written?"

Of course they did not.

"Why, like *this*. It was written in Greek," and from my bag I produced a few verses of Greek, written large and clear. All their heads came together in an instant to see something new. I made them spell a verse through; some of the letters of course they knew, the rest I told them. When they had gone through that slowly and laboriously, I read the verse off in Greek, and little ringing peals of laughing rolled along the class as they heard that the strange characters could be produced in sounds like words.

Then I told them how at first the Testament was only used in those countries where people understood Greek, but afterwards it was brought into other countries, where people could not speak Greek, but only Latin; so some people translated it into Latin

that more people might be able to read it.

The children entered into that, and thought it was a good thing to do. Then I told them that many did not approve of it, but said it was very wicked, for the Testament was too good a book for common folks to read. They opened their eyes at that.

Then I told them how the Testament was brought into England, where very few people could read Latin, and I said, "Suppose you had no Testament of your own, and I had a Latin one and could read it; would you not like to come here sometimes and hear me read it to you?"

"Oh yes!" said they, and their eyes sparkled, and they drew nearer as if to listen.

Then, said I, "There was a man named Wickliffe, who said, 'It would be much better if every one could read the Testament for themselves.' So he set to work with his books and his paper, and wrote and turned the Bible from Latin into English."

"I wonder how he could do that?" said one little girl.

I described the process of using a dictionary and went on—"And people said he was so wicked for doing that, that they wished to kill him. When he was dead, they took up his body and burnt it; and they punished the people who read the Testament in English. I don't think anybody would punish *you* for reading the Testament."

"Oh no!" said they, and caroled out their laughter.

Then I showed them the title-page of the Testament, that it was done "by command of his Majesty," and asked, "Who was his Majesty?"

One answered "God," but nobody knew, so I told, "No. The King. Who is the King?"

Nobody knew; so I asked, "Have we a King?"

"No. A Queen," said one bright wit, and added, "But there was a King in those days."

"Yes. Well, because after a while, they found out that Wickliffe did not translate the Bible quite well, they thought they could do it better, so the King told them to do it. That was

James I. So now we have each got a Testament of our own to read for ourselves."

"I have." "I have." "I haven't, but my father has; a big one."

"Well, now people think that *this* is not quite well done, and there ought to be a better."

They laughed; they thought that was going needlessly far.

"Well, the bishops and a number of great people have set to work, and very soon they will give us a new Testament; and which do you think will be the best?"

"Oh! the new one, of course," said one; but another cherished her Testament in her hands, and said, "I should think this one."

"But how could you *know*?" said I, "so as to be sure."

They did not know.

"Why, you must learn to read the Greek," and then I turned back to my paper, and we spelt the verse again.

Then a little boy came in and was hailed with exclamations—"He can't read." "He's not in this class."

He glanced at the paper I held, and said, "I can read *Greek*," admitting that he could not read English.

"Can you?" said they, with great respect. "Do you know Greek?" for he was less than most of them.

"I know a little," said he, modestly, and looked to me for confirmation of his words. (He did know a few letters, and perhaps three words). So they let him stand amongst them.

We spelt a little more, and then I produced some Greek alphabets, and set them to work to copy these with pencil and paper. We had no table, but they sat on hassocks and used the bench as a table.

We had some little episodes—one boy would play at marbles; so I turned him into the street, somewhat to his surprise, and also to his companions. They were not used to such summary measures, but there was no one present to enforce order, and I had no energies to waste on disobedient children. Another boy would suck sweets, so I stood him out into the middle till he had done, and might be supposed to have sucked his fingers clean after

them. One boy was little, and after writing a little while grew tired, so I told him he might go into the other class. At first he would not go, thinking it was meant as a punishment, but when he found it was not, he went, gladly; and told them that he did not like learning Latin.

The writing was a very quiet business; they went on steadily, only asking at intervals, "Will this do?" "Please look at mine," or "How am I to make this letter?"

They said, "Oh! I should like to learn this!" "Please do learn us!" "When will you learn us?"

I told them that perhaps they might join their minister's Greek class; but they seemed to think that would be above their capacity, and urged "Oh! do learn us!"

I said that I had been asked to teach in the morning school. They started, and pressed round me to hear if I had consented; the effect was quite dramatic. I was obliged to wait and laugh before I could finish and say that as it was not very convenient to me to come to the morning school, I should not care to come unless I were quite sure that I should have pupils who really wished to learn.

"Oh! I do!" "Oh! I do!" cried they.

So I told them they might prove how much in earnest they were by working for me in the week; then I would come next Sunday, and if they had copied out their alphabets again and learnt them by heart, we would then talk about the Sunday following.

"What! May we take home these papers?" they asked, as if I had offered them a gift of priceless value.

One girl had written hers well, the others in various degrees of bad and middling.

Finally, four of them walked home with me, repeating the Greek alphabet all the way we went.

Whether all this ardour will have cooled down before next Sunday remains to be seen. If nothing more comes of it, something has been gained, i.e., that the children were very much interested in that afternoon's lesson, which went off as a triumphant success.

## A STORY FOR BOYS.

THE following incident happened at the famous old Blue Coat School, London, founded by Edward VI., and still flourishing :—“ It appears that, in spite of the small amount of food allowed, much of what was given could not be eaten, more particularly the fat of the fresh boiled beef. Now anyone who ate this was equivalent, in our time, to a ghoul, and held in equal detestation. Notwithstanding this universality of opinion, it appears there was one memorable exception. This boy was observed after dinner carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice morsels, you may believe), and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away and secretly stow in the settle at his bedside. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported that on leave-days he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue handkerchief full of something. This, then, must be the accursed thing. Conjecture was next at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping ; no one spoke to him ; no one would play with him ; he was excommunicated, put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten ; but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his schoolfellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large, worn-out building, such as there are now in Chancery-lane, let out to several scales of pauperism, with open door and a common staircase. They slunk in after him, and saw him go up four flights, and tap at a wicket, which was opened by an aged woman meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty ; the informers had secured their victim. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution was looked for. Mr. Hath-

away, the steward, with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter before he proceeded to sentence. The result was that the supposed mendicants, the receivers and purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of the boy, an honest couple come to decay, whom this seasonable supply had in all probability saved from mendicancy, and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds. The governors, on this occasion, much to their honour, voted relief to the family, and presented him with a silver medal.”

## MILK FOR BABES.

OUR Presbyterian brethren have just had a long and most interesting conference in Edinburgh. They are remarkably at one with each other with much unscriptural doctrine. Is it not marvellous that we Unitarians cannot be at one with our glorious cause of simple Christian truth? We are led to the above remark from the following questions and answers out of a present day catechism for children, in use among some Presbyterians.

Beginning on page four, we read,

Q.—“ What kind of a heart have you by nature ? ”

A.—“ A heart filled with all unrighteousness.”

Q.—“ Does your wicked heart make all your thoughts, words and actions sinful ? ”

A.—“ Yes, I do nothing but sin.”

Again on pages five and six we find these questions and answers :

Q.—“ Is your life very short, frail and uncertain ? ”

A.—“ Yes : perhaps I may die the next moment.”

Q.—“ What will become of you if you die in your sins ? ”

A.—“ I must go to hell with the wicked.”

Q.—“ What kind of a place is hell ? ”

A.—“ A place of endless torment ; being a lake that burns with fire and brimstone.”

On page eleven the infant mind is taught thus :

Q.—“What is original sin?”

A.—“It is that sin in which I was conceived and born.”

Q.—“Doth original sin wholly defile you, and is it sufficient to send you to hell, though you had no other sin?”

A.—“Yes.”

Q.—“What are the wages of sin?”

A.—“Death and hell.”

Q.—“What are you, then, by nature?”

A.—“I am an enemy to God, a child of Satan, and an heir of hell.”

Again we learn on page fifteen these precious truths:

Q.—“Did you and all mankind break the covenant of works in Adam’s eating the forbidden fruit?”

A.—“Yes.”

Q.—“How can that be, since you were not then born?”

A.—“Adam represented me and I sinned in him.”

But these samples must suffice. The whole Catechism is fascinating, but we cannot infringe the United Presbyterian Board’s copyright.

### FRIENDSHIP.

#### AN IMPROMPTU.

FRIENDSHIP should ever last,  
Let it grow bright,  
Dear to thy memory,  
Dear to thy sight.

Never the flower take  
Crush it and spoil;  
Tenderly guard the stem  
Nursed in the soil.

Watch it from day to day,  
Water with tears;  
Let it not fade away,  
Love’s fruit it bears.

Clear it from ev’ry weed  
Noisome and dank;  
Noble the flower now,  
Keep up its rank.

Let it like cedars grow,  
Vig’rous and tall;  
Cover thy garden ground,  
Shelter the wall.

And when the winter of  
Life spreads around,  
Transplanted in heaven  
May Friendship be found.

—Eliza Haddock.

Horncastle.

### OUR SPELLING BEE.

#### A CHANCE FOR THE SPELLERS.

THOSE of our readers who have friends that flatter themselves that they are good spellers, will find the following a test to which few can successfully submit. The one who can spell every word without a mistake ought to be entitled to a diploma as a champion speller.

The most skilful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler’s wagon, using a mulleinstalk as an instrument of coercion to tyrannise over his pony, shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and he had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious intermittent erysipelas, a certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of ‘Gypsy,’ went into ecstacies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of peas, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralysed with hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying inuendoes, she gave him a couch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerrotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a drachm phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha for deleble purposes, a ferule, a clarinet, some licorice, a surcingle, a cornelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a parishioner of mine, preferring a wooden surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally-occurring idiosyncrasy), woefully uttered this apophthegm: ‘Life is chequered, but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villany shall be punished.’ The sibyl apologetically answered, ‘There is notably an allegable difference between a conffarable ellipsis, and a trisyllabic diaeresis.’ We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion.”

## BEREA.

BEREA—the name carries with it pleasant associations. It is suggestive of calmness and repose hardly belonging to the names of other cities visited by Paul. At Philippi he was shamefully illtreated; at Thessalonica he was mobbed by certain lewd fellows of the baser sort; whilst at Ephesus he fought with wild beasts, whether literally or metaphorically has never been satisfactorily settled. But coming to Berea he finds a candid and truth-seeking people; men who were nobler than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind. They searched the Scriptures, their own inspired writings, those of the Old Testament, to see whether those things were so, and this they made their daily practice. The Apostle had spoken wonderful things in their ears, things not heard of before, and which had never entered their imagination; things which were very strange, and which were probably, at the first distasteful, as opposed to their most deeply cherished Messianic ideas, those which were glowing with the expectation of the immediate advent of their great earthly deliverer. Paul, as his custom was, undeterred by the opposition hitherto experienced, undismayed by the assurance of future sufferings, goes at once to the synagogue at Berea, and in his own uncompromising fervid manner, preaches to his hearers that Christ, the Christ, must needs have suffered, that this was in the divine counsels, that he had risen from the dead, and that Jesus of Nazareth, whom he thus set forth, was none other than the Christ whose coming they so eagerly expected. He is heard throughout quietly, with exemplary patience, and, by many of them, devoutly. The announcement was startling; it might be, nevertheless, true. We will see, we will investigate, our final appeal shall be to the law and the testimony, and we will lose no time in striving to arrive at a just conclusion. Daily, sometimes in company, of knots of three or four, at other times each singly for himself; but the Scriptures shall be searched to see how far the preacher's words and reasonings concur with the Oracles of God. And

their labour was not thrown away. Many of them, as we are informed, believed. There were women also of this glorious company, "honourable women," not alone for social position, though that must have been high, but for reverential feeling, for lively conceptions of the truth, and for firm resolve to embrace and to defend it. Hellenic proselytes must be added, and "of men not a few." True, alas, soon "was the holy calm broke," the halcyon days of peace were over even in Berea. The Thessalian Jews, not satisfied with the ill-usage of the Christian missionaries in their own city, sent some of their number to stir up the vulgar part of the populace of Berea, and were so far successful as to drive Paul once more from a city of refuge, though his attached companions, Silas and Timothy, yet, and for a season, made it their abode. But the great Apostle had not spoken there in vain. Numbers of the Bereans were, we may well suppose, closely and affectionately attached to him. One illustrious name, at least, is mentioned in connection with him and this city. We find that Sopater, of Berea, was of the number of loving friends who subsequently accompanied Paul into Asia, sharing in his privations and perils, and anxious only with him to fight the good fight and to finish their course.

The Berean lesson is very plain, cannot well be missed by us, and should be taken in its entirety as a useful guide in our own conduct. It is that of openness to conviction of honest, fearless integrity, and of a regard to truth, religious scriptural truth, as the pearl of great price. The Berean was the merchant seeking for goodly pearls, and he found one of more value than all the rest; he, with joy, gave up all he had for its possession. So should the Christian of this nineteenth century, be he a Londoner, a Parisian, a Bostonian. The men of Berea had but the Old Testament to guide their deliberations; we, of the present day, have the far more valuable New Testament in our hands, and in that we can see the fulfilment of prophecy in the mission of Jesus, and can read also of all that he taught, and did, and endured for human

salvation. So priceless a treasure should not be unheeded. The Bereans *searched* (the word is very emphatic) and they searched *daily* their Scriptures. It is no good sign of our love for the religion of Christ that the Bible is so little read by his professed disciples, is such an all but sealed book to multitudes. "No day without its line." No day should pass by unmarked by its perusal. We believe it was Dr. Johnson's advice on his deathbed to a young man—"Read a chapter in the Bible every day," and it is a very good practice for all. Shall we add the words of the greatest of English philosophers, Locke?—"Study the Scriptures, for therein are contained the words of eternal life. They have God for their author, Salvation for their end, and Truth, without any mixture of error, for their matter."

The Bereans read without prejudice, for we are told they received the word with all readiness of mind. To divest ourselves of all prejudices, and especially on religious matters, is no easy task. Our preformed opinions, however we have come by them, make parts of ourselves; they are almost interwoven with our very existence; it is a tearing off the shirt of Nessus. There is no book so trying to numbers in this respect, as the New Testament. Men go to it with the determination to find certain favourite doctrines there, and they press into their service whatever has a resemblance to these, be it real or only fanciful. The sound of the words is sufficient for the purpose, no matter for the context, and certainly no matter whether the passage in question asserts the doctrine, or whether it merely suits it, supposing the proof already made; and we repeat, that it is very difficult thus to read and even thus to search with entire freedom from prepossession. Yet to this we must strive to come, if we would understand what we read. "Truth is to me victory," said a very eminent Scripture investigator. Truth must be the only victory any of us should care to win. The noble Bereans sacrificed all their fancies and all their prejudices on the altar of truth, and great was their reward.

For they welcomed truth, the truth

as it is in Jesus, at the bidding of their consciences, because they saw it in all its clearness and majesty. Paul's bodily presence might be weak, and his speech contemptible; but his reasoning was convincing; it went down to the hidden man of the heart. He opened and alleged; there was a divine unction in his preaching, and this set at naught all the words of man's wisdom, however enticing, under other conditions. From whatever quarter religious truth comes to us, we must welcome it; with the sweet singer of our Israel we should—

"Seize on Truth, where'er she's found,  
On Christian, or on Heathen ground."

The Jews had no book but their Scriptures; this precious volume was their sole library. We have better, higher Scriptures than they, though we do not, in the least, disparage the Old Testament writings; but we have the New Testament, and that is inestimable. Other books there are, and for these we are devoutly thankful; but let the Bible be our chief book—the rock of our faith, the resolver of our doubts, our guide through the perplexing paths of life; our comfort in trouble, in sickness, in the hour of death, and the covenant between God and ourselves, "ever sacred, ever sure," which is eternal in the heavens.

#### GOD'S ANVIL.

BY M. J. SAVAGE.

I BREATHE the fiery furnace-breath;  
I feel God's hammer blows;  
I faint, as in the grip of death,  
As round his hard laws close.

Let me be patient; for 'tis love  
Enkindles all the flame;  
The blows his faithful mercy prove,  
And echo his dear name.

His tender hand, with iron grasp,  
Me on the anvil holds;  
His breath, the flames that round me clasp  
With fiercely burning folds.

The lightning fire and thundrous beat  
Of forge and anvil storms  
The rough ore, for God's use unmeet,  
Shape to divinest forms.

## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

LIKE A CHILD.—“There now,” said a little girl, rummaging a drawer in the bureau, “Grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles.”

EVE TO BLAME.—A Church minister, being told that he had preached the same sermon two Sundays together, replied: “Well, I put my sermons together, but I suppose my wife has shuffled them.”

MILLAIS.—Millais the artist, who gets £2000 for painting a distinguished face, began work in his native Jersey with a painter, who gave him only his board and five shillings a week.

SING SOFTLY AT CHAPEL.—A few Sundays ago a little girl at an Independent Chapel in Lancashire, cried out, “O, take me out, take me out!” She was taken out and being asked her reason for coming away she said, “O, that lady in the next pew sings so very loud it quite frightens me.” So, my good friends, sing softly.

GENUINE CONVERSION.—Spurgeon tells the following:—I like the story of the servant-maid who, when she was asked, on joining the church, “Are you converted?” “I hope so, sir.” “What makes you think you are really a child of God?” “Well, sir, there is a great change in me from what there used to be.” “What is that change?” “I don’t know, sir; but there is one thing, I always sweep under the mats now.”

AN ATHEIST NONPLUSSED.—A certain person, alike celebrated for his eloquence and for his scoffings at everything pertaining to religion, was, upon one occasion, announced to deliver a discourse in defence of his opinions. His fame, as well as the interest manifested in the subject, were instrumental in bringing together a vast concourse of people. The speaker entered upon his subject with his usual eloquence and energy. In the course of his remarks he exclaimed: “We are told by the clergy and canting hypocrites, that all infidels are harassed by fears of an approaching future. Sirs, I stand here before you to-night a witness to the falsity of the assertion; for even I, although a leader among those who espouse infidel doctrine, can proudly exclaim I fear no evil.” At this point, a little boy, sitting in one of the front seats, said in a voice, tiny and timid, yet so sonorous and distinct as to be heard throughout the vast edifice, “But, sir, you have never yet entered the valley of the shadow of death.” The effect produced was electric. The flowery orator, nonplussed, was hissed in disgrace from the stage, and the little defender of God’s word was born triumphantly from the building.

ENGAGED.—Lady visitor: “My dear, do you know if your mamma is engaged?” Little girl of the period: “Engaged? Bless you, why, she’s married!”

ANSWERED CONCLUSIVELY.—A negro Baptist said to his Methodist master “You’ve read the Bible, I suppose?” “Yes.” “Well, you’ve read in it of one John the Baptist, hasn’t you?” “Yes.” “Well, you never saw nothing about no John the Methodist, did you?” “No.” Well, den you see, dere’s Baptists in the Bible, but dere ain’t no Methodists, and de Bible’s on my side.”

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—A person recently called at a stationer’s establishment to order some note-paper with a heading. He was shown numberless designs, monograms, &c. Finding nothing suited to his taste, he said: “I want something simple—just a flower, such as a forget-me-not.” “But, sir,” said the attendant, “that would surely be more suitable for a young lady.” “I know what I want,” was the prompt reply. “I’m a tailor, and the paper is for my customers.”

A HAPPY RETORT.—One day, when Lord Brougham had driven to the House in the vehicle of his own invention, which Robinson, the coachmaker, had christened after him, he was met in the robes-room by the Duke of Wellington, who, after a low bow, accosted him: “I have hitherto lived under the impression that your lordship would go down to posterity as the great apostle of education, the emancipator of the negro, the restorer of abused charities, the reformer of the law; but no, you will hereafter be known only as the inventor of a carriage.” “And I, my lord duke,” said Brougham, “have always been under the delusion that your grace would be remembered as the hero of a hundred battles, the liberator of Europe, the conqueror of Napoleon; but no, your grace will be known as the inventor of a pair of boots.” “Hang the boots! I had forgotten them; you have the best of it,” replied the duke.

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